J. A. MENZIES, Editor and crop.

MICH

COLONEL HOHENLOHE - SHILLINGS-

YALE.

FURST starts right out by showing that there may be a great deal in a name,

To re-employ a well-worn sayingand Guatemala is to be settled by peaceful means even if both countries have to fight to that end.

LONDON has "reformed" its music halls by making stringent regulations as to the character of both performers and frequenters. In a selfish sense American moralists have little reason for fumigation be made at New York this country will be devastated by noisome "Galety" and "Folly" theatrical companies as never before.

THE Chinese Six companies, in or-Geary law, set themselves above the States and invite investigation by the federal authorities. Much as that law has been criticised it is now the law, and certainly we are not going to permit a foreign combination to nullify one clause in an act of congress.

THAT the students at the North-

diphtheria.

uous liquors to live as long as the oldest of total abstainers. These cases, however, do not prove that abstinence ducive to longevity. There are peraffected by whisky and tobacco, but the merr; making when a soul comes the rule still holds that for most per- home to God. sons abstinence or moderation is a good thing.

fun for the spectators.

Those people who have denied grapes during the past season for fear the vermiform appendage an then drop in, are as apprehensive as was the chronically-well old lady who would never wear any stockings but with a hole in her stocking.

A BRITISH officer, who apparently knows, says that it "would be as reasonable to pit orave men armed with pitchforks against brave men armed with rifles as to pit, man for man, the Chinese in their present condition against the Japanese. Of all native and colonial troops," said he, "I would, next to Ghoorkas, prefer a regiment of Japanese. They are brave, temperate, patient and enerwhatever might be done with them. are 200 years behind the times."

WE are accustomed to regard the Japanese as little better than half civilized, even though recent treaties with the great powers have placed her on equal footing with them. But there are many, ways in which her people are emicently superior to the average American, who might profitably copy the example of the Japanese workman, who bathes his whole body once a day, and sometimes twice. Public baths are provided on every street, which are fel by a constant current of cold and hot water. The bather plunges in, ramains immersed some tes minutes, then comes out and receives a warm douchs of fresh water.

JOHN HUSSHAN of La Crosse, Wis., had a busy day a short time ago. In the morning his horse ran away and smashed up a costly carriage. In the afternoon another runaway bruised accidentally.

FARMER Swayne of Huntington, Pa., who has uncertain Name Skelleton of a mastodon on his farme his aching the mouths of the scientists water as they angle for the scientists water as they are farmer wayne has raised in sev-

DR. TALMAGE'S RETURN FOR A SERMON TEXT.

The Text Being Chosen from Luke 15, xxiil.: "Bring Hither the Patted Calf and Kill It"-A Touching Discourse on the Vicissitudes of Life.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 11 .- Rev. Dr. the boundary dispute between Mexico Talmage, having concluded his roundthe-world tour, has selected as the subject for to-day's discourse through the press: "Home Again."

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity-the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table to rejoice over this much-needed re- may have stinted supply, on Thanksform. Unless proper arrangements giving day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity.

Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that dering the Celestials not to give evi- has ever happened before. A favorite dence in suits brought under the son, whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forcourts and the statutes of the United ever, has got tired of sightseeing and has returned to his father's house, The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celewestern university should have to or- bration. There is a calf in the pad ganize to suppress cribbing among dock that has been kept up and fed themselves at examinations would to utmost capacity, so as to be ready seem to suggest that President Rogers for some occasion of joy that might and his cabinet have failed to use come along. Ah! there never will be their disciplinary powers sufficiently. a grander day on the old homestead The examination cribber is a con- than this day. Let the butchers do temptible sneak-thief and should be their work, and let the housekeepers punished accordingly. He has no bring into the table the smoking meat. rightful place among decent students. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and THERE is not the slightest doubt down the floor. All the friends and that the spread of diphtheria and neighbors are gathered in, and extra other deadly contagious diseases is supply is sent out to the table of the largely due to the ignorance, thought- servants. The father presides at the lessness or selfishness of parents. The table and says grace, and thanks God only way to protect the public is to that his long absent boy is home again. rigidly quarantine the houses when Oh! how they missed him; how glad cases are known to exist. If the law they are to have him back. One brother requires a small red flag to be placed indeed stands pouting at the back on a house where there is small-pox it door, and says: "This is a great ado ought to require a bigger and a red- about nothing; this bad boy should der flag on the house where there is have been chastened instead of greeted; veal is too good for him!" But the THE statistics presented by the Brit- nothing is good enough." There sits ish medical association show that it is the young man, glad at the hearty repossible for a steady drinker of spirit- ception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. from tobacco and liquor is not con- He was dead and he is alive again! He was lost and he is found! By such sons who seem never to be injuriously bold imagery does the Bible set forth

First of all, there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremen-Pittshung claims to possess the dous moment in a man's life is when smartest bill posters in the country. he surrenders himself to God. The If a hat box is left outside the house grandest time on the father's homethe owner is quite likely to find a stead is when the boy comes back. cigarette beauty, a ballet girl or some Among the great throng who, in the new kind of headache cure upon it. parlors of my church, professed Christ But the chap who is regarded as the one night was a young man, who next brightest hustler is the one who morning rang my doorbell and said: fore it was quite cold, with bills an- joy I feel; I came here this morning hour when the ministers of state should nouncing a political mass meeting, to express it. I have found more joy The sight caught the crowds, and made in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

You have seen, perhaps, a man runthemselves the pleasure of eating ning for his physical liberty, and the officers of the law after him; and you that some grape seed would wander saw him escape or afterward you along . To the intestinal way until it heard the judge had pardoned him, reached that little cul de sac, called and how great was the glee of that about that clock?" She made no rescued man; but it is a very tame thing that compared with the running for one's everlasting life-the terrors of the law after him, and Christ comspiespan new ones, explaining that ing in to pardon and bless and rescue she might some day have a fit on the and save. You remember John Bunstreet and then how she would look yan, in his great story, tells how the Pilgrim put his fingers to his ears and ran, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" struggle to support his family for large inheritance was his, and there was joy amounting to bewilderment; but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he the joys, the raptures, the splendors of the people, who sent valuable presents mansions are mine, its temples are getic, and at this moment the Chinese, mine, its songs are mine, its God is mine!

Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merrymaking. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to the water-bright, flashing water; to the morning-roseate, fireworked, mountain transfigured morning. I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace, and life and comfort, and hope and heaven, and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in all this land and cry: "Wear it, wear It now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service!

You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his exhim, and in the evening he was shot perience. He rose in the presence of two churches-the church on earth and the church in heaven-and he said: 'Now, this is my experience: 'sorrow ful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet mak'ng many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things." If all the people who read this sermon knew the joys of the Christian religion, they

The Weekly Expositor TABERNACLE PULPIT. of God the next moment. When Daniel thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty Sanden an was dying of cholera, his years—waiting, waiting, watching, attendant said: "Have you much watching; and if this morning the attendant said: pain?" found the Lord I have never had any scene of gladness and festivity, and pain except sin." Then they said to how the great Father's heart would him: "Would you like to send a mes-sage to your friends?" "Yes, I would: come, some of you, will you not? You tell them that only last night the love | will! you will! of Jesus came rushing into my soul We are in sympathy with all inno-like the surges of the sea, and I had to cent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty cry out, 'Stop, Lord; it is enough! song and we can be merry with the Stop, Lord-enough!" Oh, the joys of merriest; but those of us who have this Christian religion!

Just pass over from those tame joys yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron, Thank God, thank God! whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire, cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry II., consuming with hatred against poor Thomas that this world can not make a man happy. The very man who poisoned Queen Elizabeth rode, shouted in the street, "God save the queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent

beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh, there were thousands of soldier, lying there a dying under the starlight, began to sing:

There is a laud of pure delight, And when he came to the next line there were scores of voices uniting: Where saints immortal reign.

The song was caught up all over the field among the wounded, until it was wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the verse:

There everlasting spring abides, And never withering flowers; Death like a narrow stream divides,

That heavenly land from ours. Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart throb between you and that religion this moment. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and he is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. not the history, but you know it-you know it.

went forth with him, and getting him into a field, the guardian angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circlebrought beyond the circle, and died. the prison, he saw a Keith gather in angry contest; and worrled and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in friends and nearly all your family the power-the strange power which around the holy tankard of the holy delirium sometimes gives one-she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said. "Do you see anything peculiar answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out of your delirium of sin, and look on the clock of your destiny this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour. A poor car driver, after having had to and every swing of the pendulum would say: "Now, now, now, now!" years, suddenly was informed that a Oh, come home to your Father's house. Come home, oh, prodigal, from the

wilderness. Come home, come home! You remember reading the story of a king, who on some great day of feshas put in his hands the title deed to theity scattered silver and gold among heaven, and he can truly say, "Its to his courtiers; but methinks when a soul comes back, God is so glad that to express his joy he flings out new worlds into space, kindles up new suns, and rolls among the white robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates, he cries: "This,

my son, was dead and is alive again!" At the opening of the exposition in New Orleans, I saw a Mexican flutist. and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in; but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestra, was greater than all the combined joy of the universe, when compared with the

resounding heart of Almighty God. For ten years, a father went three times a day to the depot. Hisson went off in aggravating circumstances; but the father said, "He will come back." The strain was too much, and his mind parted; and three times a day the father went. In the early morning, he watched the train-its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers, and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again, watching the a lyance of the train, watching the departure. At night, there again. wateing the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, would all pass over into the kingdom | my brothers, ten years, twenty years, without end!"

"Oh," he replied, "since I prodigal should come home, what a

toiled in the service are ready to testify that all these joys are tame in comin which you are indulging-joys of parison with the satisfaction of seeing this world-into the raptures of the men enter the kingdom of God. The gospel. The world can not satisfy you; great eras of every minister are the you have found out—Alexander, long-outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I ing for other worlds to conquer, and thank God I have seen twenty of them.

I notice also when the prodigm comes back all Christians rejoice. If you stood on a promontory and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vesa-Becket-all illustrations of the fact sel crashed into the rocks and you saw geople get ashore in the life boats and the very last man got on the rocks in the pommel of the saddie on which safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock of Christ Jesus.

When prodigals come home just hear those Christians sing. It is not a dull tune you hear at such times. Just hear those Christians pray. It is not wounded on the field, and the ambu- a stereotyped supplication we have lances had not come, one Christian heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God be mereiful to me a sinner." "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." said there were at least ten thousand that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And just hear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just ce them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the hear seem to clinch the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see

those Christian faces, how illumined Some of you, like the young man of they are. And see that old man get the text, have gone far astray. I know up and with the same voice that he sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting house, say, "Now, Lord, lettest When a young man went forth into thou thy servant depart in peace, for life, the legend says, his guardian angel mine eyes have seen thy salvation." There was a man of Keith who was hurled into prison in time of persecution, and one day he got off his shackles and he came and stood by the and honor, and he must step beyond prison door, and when the jailer was opening the door, with one stroke he struck down the man who incarcerated they could not pass. But one day a him. Passing along the streets of temptress, with diamonded hand, London he wondered where his stretched for:h and crossed that circle family was. He did not dare with the hand, and the tempted soul to nak lest he excite suspicion, took it, and by that one fell grip was but, passing along a little way from Some of you have stepped beyond that | ard, a cup that belonged to the family circle. Would you not like this day, by from generation to generation-he saw the grace of God, to step back? This, it in a window. His family, hoping I say to you, is your hour of salvation. | that some day he would get clear, came There was in the closing hours of and lived as near as they could to the Queen Anne what is called the clock prison and they set that Keith tankard seene. Flat down on the pillow in the window, hoping he would see it; in helpless sickness, she could and he came along and saw it, and not move her head or move her knocked at the door, and went in, and covered the carcass of a dead horse, be- "Sir, I can not contain myself with the hand. She was waiting for the the long absent family were all together again. Oh, if you would start for the kingdom of God to-day, I think ome of you would find nearly all your

> family sits around the sacred tankard. One on earth, one in heaven. Once more I remark, that when the rodigal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festival. I am very cer- ton. tain of it. If you have never seen a calated, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls to-day should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly singdom to say: "That's my father," That's my mother," "That's my son," That's my daughter," "That's my friend," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hosanna!" and another would

communion-fathers, mothers, brothers,

sisters around that sacred tankard

which commemorates the love of Jesus

Christ our Lord. Oh, it will be a great

communion day when your whole

ay, "Hallelujah!" Pleased with the news the saints belw In songs their tongues employ; Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is filled with joy.

Nor angels can their joy contain, But kindle with new fire; The sinner lost is found, sing And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Luculius sat Cicero the orator. At the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror. At the he ian banquet sat Socrates the phiosopher; but at our father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its enves reach across the seas and across ands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand, the robe of a Saviour's righteousness a droop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowels of ten thousand sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven rise, and with gleaming chalice drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing! sing! sing! worthy is the Lamb that was slain to to receive blessing and riches and honor and gloxy and power, world

ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE | body to change this now renowned

THE OLDEST EQUINE VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Old Jim, Who Lives at Aiken, South Carolina, Claims the Honor-The High Tide at Gettysburg-Appointtox Im-

A Confederate War Horse.

W. G. Chafee, the mayor of Alken. C., writes that the horse Belle Mosby, whose pleture appeared recently in the New York World, is not only not the only equine veteran of the war, but not the old-

Many of the annual visitors to Aiken have seen or heard of old Jim, an old gray horse, better known to some as Wheeler. This old horse is owned by Mr. W. T. Williams of Aiken. Old Jim is 1414 hands high and weight 900 pounds when in good health.

For thirty years he has done service on the plantation of Mr. Williams, his work being gradually lightened as infirmities have crept upon him. At the present time he has the run of the pasture an I enjoys a well carned rest. For ten years after the war he followed the foxhounds each winter.

Ol | Jim cam: from the mountains of East Tennessee, and took part in the battle of Atlanta. Falling back before Sherman's advance, or hanging on the flank of his army, old Jim's coat was daily stained by the red mud from the hills of Georgia. Crossing into South Cirolina, he bagged through the swamps of the low country and bore his rider gallantly in the fight at Great Salteatcher, in Barnwell county, in South Carolina. From that point, accompanying Pigue's comman I, under General Whester, he brought his master, Lieutenant Mc-Mahon of East Tennessee, on the left

flank of the invading army, to Aiken. When Sherman's army, passing through Barnwell county, reached the line of the South Carolina railway, General Kilpatrick with his cavalry made a bold dash westward for the purpose of destroying the cotton mills at Graniteville, five miles west of Aiken, and possibly the Confederate powder mills in Augusta, Ga, thirteen miles further west of Graniteville. At Aiken they met with the forces of General Wheeler and were repulsed after a sharp skirmish, and retired to the main body of the army. The fight determined the future fats of old Jim.

His rider, Lieutenant McMahon. charged with him down a road, now South Boundary avenue, right in front of the house of Mr. Williams. They had hardly passed the front door when both horse and rider fell, the rider with a mortal wound in the breast and old Jim with a builet in his niek.

Lieutenant McMahon was taken into the house of Mr. Williams, where he died in the dining room a few hours later. The sta n of his lifeblood is still on the pine floor. Jim was condemned as worthless and ordered to be shot, but Mr. Williams begged for his life and nursed him back again to health an i usefulness. From that day to this the old horse has never known a sick day, and the indications are that he will yet be able to show for several years the sears of battle and the brand "C. S." upon his shoul ters.

Julyes of horseflesh pronounce! Jim seven years old when he fell into the hands of his present master. which makes him now 36 years old.

Licoln's Auxiety.

hen the fighting began in the Wilderness, in May, 1864, the bloodlest month of the whole war. Dina was summon d to the ward partment late one night, when he was at a party. He hurried over to the department in his evening dress. The president was there, talking very soberly to Stan-

"Dana," said Mr. Lincoln, "you telegraphic chart, you have no idea know we have been in the dark for how many cities are connected together two days since Grant moved. We are and how many lands. Nearly all the very much troubled and have conneighborhoods of the earth seem reticuled to send you down there. How soon can you start?"

"In half an hour," replied Dana. In about that time he halan engine fired up at Alexandria, a cavairy escort awaiting him there, and with his own horse was ab and the train at Maryland avenue that was to take hire to Alexandria. His only bargage was a toothbrush. He was just starting when an orderly galloped up with word that the president wished to see him. Dana rode back to the department in hot haste. Mr. Lincoln was sitting in the same place.

"Well. Dana," said he, looking up. "since you went away I've been thinking about it. I don't like to send you down there.

"Why not, Mr. President?" askel Dana, a little surprised. "You can't tell," continued the

president, "just where Lee is, and what he is doing: and Jeb Stuart is rampaging around pretty lively in batween Rappahannock and the Rapidan. It is a considerable risk, and I don't like to expose you to it."

"Mr. President." sail Dana, "I have a cavalry guard ready and a good horse myself. If it comes to the worst we are equipped to run. It's getting late, and I want to get down to the Rappahann ek by daylight. I think I'll start."

"Well, now, Dana," said the presilent, with a little twinkle in his eyes, "if you feel that way, I rather wish you would. Good night, and God bless you."-McClure's Magazine.

Appointtox Immertal.

Appomattox is a name historic as Marathon or Thermopylae, and, like them, destined to eternal memory and association with one of the momentous events of time. Why it should have entered the head of any- | trated upon the volunteer.

designation for one so flat and ridiculous as "Surrender" is an enigma which -les solution, but the suggestion has not only really and seriously been made, but the change has actually taken place, so far as the list of Virginia postoffices is concerned, the responsibility resting somewhere in the postoffice department. This is in the first place preposterous. In the next it is an outrage deserving such penalty as the bible decrees to him that changeth a landmark which an old name really is, in a deeper sense than a boundary stone. The absurd appellation should be instantly blotted out of the gazettes and the postoffice list and the old one restored to its place. If it were held to be necessary to preserve some memory of the new designation, it might be tattoord by red and blue upon the expansive and tenacious check of its originator, which would assure it all the duration it deserves -New York Tribune.

The High Tide at Gettysburg. A cloud possessed the hollow field.
The gathering battle's smoot shield.
Athwart the gloom the il htmin; fished.
And throu h the cloud some horseman divised.
And from the hel has the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Les Moved out that matcaless infantry, With Pickett leading grandly down To ru-h a minst the rouring er swn Of these dread heights of desting

Far heard above the an 'ry cuns A ry across the tumuit runs, The voice that ran thron a Shiloh's wards And Chickamau a's solitudes The fierce South cheering on her sous

Ah, how the withering tempest blew Against the rout of Petti row A kamsin wind that corche land singed L ke that infermal flams that fringed The British squares at Water ool

A thousand fell where Kemper led A thousand died where Garaett ble 1 In blinding flame and stranglin am ske the rem lant through the batteries brok And crossed the works with Armi text

Once more in giory's van with me!" Vir inia cried to lennessee, We two to ether, one shat may Shall stand upon these words to day. The reddest day in hi tory!'

Brave Tennessee! Reckless the way Virginia heard her compades say. "Close rou d this rent and rithled ray!"
That time she set her battle flag
Amid the uns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait He ore the a wful face of Fate? The tattered stin lards of the South Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth, And all her hopes were desolate

In vain the Tennessean set His bravest' minst the bayonet! In vain Vir in a char of and rared. A ti ress in her weath uncared. And all the bill was red and wet:

Above the bayonet + mixed and crossed, Men saw a gray i frantis host Recedins through the battle slowd And heard a ross the tempest loud The death cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace They leaped to rain's reliem searc. They only heard Fame's thanders wake And saw the dazzi n: -unbuc t break in smiles on Glory's blo dy facel They fell who lifted up a hand

And base the sur in heaver to stand! They smote and fell who of the bars A minst the pro-ress of the tars And stayed the march of motherland! They stool who saw the future come On through the fight a telling at The smote in i stood was held the hope

Of notions on that shippery slope Amid the cheers of thei tendo al God lives! He for ed the iron will That clut he i and held that t cm din hill. God lives and rel ms! He built and i int The hel his for Freedom's hattlement

Where floats her fla. In triumph till Eald un the banners! Smalt the gunst Love rules Her gentler purpose runs. The mighty Mother turns in tears

The pages of her battle veirs. Lamenting all her fallen son :1 American Tribune

Hotel Andersonville. C. Protexter. Chicago, Ill., who was a guest of Landlord Wirz at Retel Andersonville for seven months, says that in some ways Wirz was an ideal host. He kept all the gates shut and took great care that no Yankee soldiers should come in and rob bis guests or abduct them; he registered them without inquiring whether they had any baggage for security; be never asked for pay in advance, and, indeed, the guests never had to pay any board as long as they honored him with their presence. He did not put up very good fare, and was very irritable, and had strong objections to his boarders wandering around outside at night, but he evidently thought that too hearty eating led one into lazy habits, and that the night air outside the stockade was not healthy, as, indeed, some of those

who ventured out found to their cost. The 8th Minn.

The regiment was organized at Anoka, Forest City, Stillwater, Lake City, St. Paul and Fort Snelling, Minn., from June to September, 1862, to serve three years. It was mustered out of service July 10, 1865. Colonel Minor T. Thomas, commander of the regiment, was brevetted brigadiergeneral February 10, 1865. Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin A. Folsom was brevetted colonel July 31, 1855. regiment participated in the battles of Tah-kah-e-kuty, Two Hills, Overhall's Creek and Murfreesboro. In the last named battle the loss was fourteen killed and seventy-five wounded. The total loss while in the service was one officer an i twenty-six mon in battle or of wounds received in action, and fifty-six men of disease an lother causes; a total loss of eighty-three officers and men.

His Brave Deed.

A medal-of-honor has been awarded to Courade Luman L. Cadwell, Colonel Hughes Post, 168 Decorah, Iowa. He was sergeant of Company B, 2d N. Y. Cavalry, and at Alabama Bayou, La., 1864, he volunteered to swim the bayou in the face of the enemy and bring over a boat, upon which his command subsequently crossed and routed the opposing forces. This deed of bravery was performed while the fire of the enemy was concen-